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ground for a quarrel—not open hostility, of course, but the warfare of distant looks and haughty salutations. Improve it to the utmost, and wonder what the fellows mean.

Observe that the whole of this nice process of dissolving former associations is carried on without one angry or offensive word being said on either side—without the slightest approach to an overt act of hostility; you, particularly, being as bland as ever. The whole is effected by look and manner alone.

To the gentleman who is rising in the world there are few things more offensive than the familiarity of old acquaintanceship when presented in the shape of notes and letters. Your old friends, still obstinately overlooking your advancement in the world, will in all probability continue to write to you when they have occasion to do so, in the free-and-easy way of former days. They will even sometimes so far forget themselves and you as to address you in a jocular strain. This must be instantly put down. Do it by brief and grave replies; take no notice of their jokes, and never attempt an approach to one in return. This in time will cure them: if not, you must have recourse to stronger measures. You must either not answer at all, or administer some decided dampers.

Should any of your former friends seek your patronage—a very probable case—take an early opportunity, while doing him some trifling service, of letting him feel sensibly your relative positions, all the while, however, exhibiting towards him the most friendly dispositions. But let him ever and anon feel the bit gently—let him feel that he has got somebody on his back. Begin as soon as possible to lecture him in a gentle way—all for his own good of course. Your character of patron gives you a right to do this; and under this guise you can say the most cutting things to him without affording him the slightest ground for complaint. Under this guise you can address the most insulting language to him, and defy him to take it amiss. If he should, however, you can without any difficulty prove him to be one of the most ungrateful monsters that ever lived. You were doing all you could for him, and when you ventured to advise him—having nothing but his own good at heart—he chose to take offence at you, and to resent the friendly advice you gave him. Such an ungrateful dog!

As few men can stand such treatment as that above alluded to long, we can venture to promise you that by a steady course of proceeding in the way we have pointed out, you will soon clear your hands of your old friends. C.

### THE DIVORCED,\*

A TRANSLATION FROM THE MOLDAVIAN.

"Ah! what a fatal gift from Heaven is a too sensitive heart!"—ROUSSEAU.

What is that yonder shimmering so?  
Can it be swans? Can it be snow?  
If it were swans they would move, I trow,  
If it were snow it had melted ere now.  
No: it is Ibrahim Aga's tent—  
There lies the warrior, wounded and spent.  
Mother and sisters tend him there  
Night and morn with busiest care;  
His wife alone—through shame or grief—  
Stays away from the suffering Chief.

Wherefore, as soon as his illness was gone,  
Wrote he thus to the Sensitive One—  
"Go thy way from my house and hearth,  
And bide with the mother that gave thee birth."

Sad was Ayoob at the sudden word!  
It pierced her tender heart like a sword.  
Hark! the sound of a charger's tramp—  
Ibrahim, then, is come from the camp!  
So she fancies, and, in her despair,  
Thinks she will scale the turret-stair,  
And dash herself down from the castle-wall,  
When, lo! her two little daughters call—  
"It isn't our father, mother dear!  
This is our uncle, Djaffar-al-Meer."

Turning around, the weeping mother  
Flings her arms about her brother—  
"Oh, brother! that this black day should arrive!  
Oh, how can I leave these helpless five?"

But, cold and wordless, as one who has yet  
To study Compassion, or feel Remorse,  
The brother draws forth, all shiningly set  
In silk and gold, the Brief of Divorce,

\* The incidents of this narrative are founded on fact.

And sternly he states the Law's command—  
That again she return to her kindred and land,  
Free once more to dispose of her hand.

The mother's heart felt breaking, for now  
All hope was buried;—she could not speak—  
She kissed her two little boys on the brow,  
And her two little girls she kissed on the cheek,  
While the babe in the cradle—unconscious child!—  
Held out its diminutive arms, and smiled!

The iron Djaffar would wait no more—  
His barb was pawing the earth at the door:  
"Up, woman!" he cried—and they galloped away,  
And reached their home by the close of day.

But there not long she pined alone,  
For, barely a week was over and gone  
When many a suitor came to sue;  
Kapitans, Bèys, and Agas too,  
Came to see her and staid to woo.

And Djaffar saw that the richest of all  
Was the noble Khadi of Nourjahaul.

Afesh for sorrow were hourly shed  
The bitter tears of the mourner then:

"I pray thee, brother," she sadly said,  
"Give me not in marriage agen!

My broken heart would cease to beat  
Should I and the children chance to meet."

But Djaffar was ever the Man of Steel—  
The morrow, he vowed, should see her a wife!

"Then, hear me, brother!—thy sister's life  
Hangs upon this her last appeal!

Write to the Khadi thus, I entreat—

'Health from Ayoob to her lordly lover!

'Send, she prays thee, a veil to cover

'Her sorrowful figure from head to feet,

'Lest, while passing the Aga's door,

'Her children greet her as heretofore.'"

The letter was sent, and the veil came home;  
And by noon on the morrow the bride was arrayed;  
And a gorgeous train and cavalcade  
Set out for the Khadi's palace-dome.  
They journeyed till sunset purpled the sky,  
And now, alas! her trial is nigh—

Her trial is nigh, her bosom is swelling;  
They come within sight of Ibrahim's dwelling—  
They near the gates—ah, well-a-day!

Her children cannot mistake their mother—

"Mamma! Mamma! ah, don't go away!"

They cry, and their voices drown one another.

That mother groaned in her wretchedness!

"Live long!" she said, "my Lord and Master!

Mayest thou ever defy Disaster!

May thy shadow never be less!

Bid, I implore thee, the cavalcade wait

A moment in front of the Aga's gate,

While I go into the house, and leave

Some gifts with my little ones, lest they grieve."

Silently then, like a ghost from the tombs,

She enters once more the remembered rooms,

Gives to her sons little gold-laced boots,

Gives to her daughters little kapoots,\*

And leaves with the babe in the cradle-bed

Some toys and a basket of sugar-bread.

Now, the desolate father was standing apart,

And he marked that she neither spake nor sighed,

And Agony wrung his manly heart—

"Come, come to me, hither, my children!" he cried,

For I see that your mother's bosom is grown

Colder and harder than marble stone.

But, as soon as Ayoob heard Ibrahim speak,

And saw her children turning away,

She fell on the floor without a shriek,

And without a stir on the floor she lay;

And the funeral-wailers of Islambol

Were chanting ere night the hymn for her soul.†

M.

\* Cloaks.

† The popular notion that the Mohammedans deny immortality to the souls of women is altogether a mistake, as will be apparent to any one who takes the trouble of looking through the Koran.